excess of an army that lacked everything is wearing off. The wretched men are excusable; they have reached the promised land, and cannot but be at it. To-morrow some of the men who have rifled a church will be shot. It is a painful thing to have to do, and costs me many pangs; horrors have been committed that make me shudder; fortunately the Piedmontese army in its retreat behaved even worse. This splendid country will be of great help to us; from Mondovi alone we can raise a million.

(To the army.) Soldiers! In fifteen days you have won six victories, captured twenty-one flags, fifty-five guns, several fortresses, conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made 15,000 prisoners; you have killed or wounded nearly 10,000 men.

Until now you have fought for barren rocks. Lacking everything, you have accomplished everything. You have won battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without boots, bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. Only the phalanx of the Republic, only the soldiers of Liberty, could endure the things that you have suffered.

But, soldiers, you have really done nothing, if there still lies a task before you. As yet, neither Milan nor Turin is yours. Our country has the right to expect great things of you; will you be worthy of that trust? There are more battles before vou. more cities to caDture,